

# The Saturday Evening Post.

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## THE MORALIST.

### A NEW-YEAR'S EXHORTATION.

Eph. v. 15, 16—See that ye walk circumspectly, not as fools, but as wise; redeeming the time, because the days are evil.

Let those who are yet in the morning of life, and have lost but little of their time, press forward with vigour to the end of their journey, without suffering themselves to be drawn aside by youthful lusts or irregular desires. Let those who are in the middle of their course, remember, that their sun will soon decline to the west, and may, even before that, be obscured with impenetrable clouds of darkness: That therefore it becomes them to work, whilst the light is with them; and whilst their faculties are yet fit for labour and application. And as to those who have almost finished their course, but without answering the great ends for which they were sent into the world, who are grown grey in sin, as well as in age,—what language can paint their folly in its proper colours? What eloquence can rouse them to a state of serious consideration?—

What voice can impress upon them, with effective energy, these awful words?—Awake thou that sleepest, arise from death. You have no time to lose. Summon therefore all your vigour to escape for your lives, before it be too late. And may God inspire you with such a lively sorrow and compunction of heart, that you may truly repent you of your past sins, and be accepted into the kingdom of your heavenly Master, even at the last hour. The present life is no more than the passage to a better, to an eternal and more enduring one. What then remains, but that we learn, from this great and important truth, the just value we ought to assign to each.—We are placed for a short space of time, in this vale of affliction, by the hands of a wise and just God. Let us therefore, do our several duties in it cheerfully, and agreeably to the gracious designs of his providence: let us endeavour, by an honest industry, to provide for ourselves, and those who look up to us for support, the comforts and conveniences of life; and let us enjoy them, too, with a cheerful and contented heart; knowing, that the gifts of God are for our good, if they be received with thankfulness. But, amidst all our comforts and best enjoyments, let us remember withal, that we have, here, no abiding city: a few short moments, and not one stone shall be left upon another, of all that we possess or admire. Let us not, therefore, make them the final objects of our happiness. Our bodies must remain upon earth, till our appointed time come, but our hearts and nobler faculties should be in heaven. Thither, therefore, let all our thoughts and affections ultimately tend.—The span of life bears but a small proportion to the great circle of eternity; the pleasures of vice are utterly inadequate to the rewards of virtue. The one may give us a few short and transient glimpses of joy, but the other will give us unchangeable and eternal happiness. "For he that doeth the will of God, abideth for ever."

### FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

"We believe that Christ has by offering up himself, once for all, cleared the score, so far upon the account of mankind in general, that no man will perish because of the sin of Adam."

—HOMER'S CALL.

Now suppose there was no score to clear on account of the sin of Adam, then there would be no need of the offering alluded to for that purpose. Imputing the sin of Adam to all his descendants, is about the same as transmitting his guilt from generation to generation, and making every man a sinner without any fault of his own; of course subjecting him to punishment for the transgression of his most remote ancestor, over whom he had no kind of control. The scripture is clear, that the children are not to suffer for the iniquity of the parents, but every one to suffer for his own sins. The notion, that Jesus Christ by his sufferings and death made an atonement for the guilt which was imputed to mankind on the score of Adam's transgression, will be found erroneous, if no such guilt existed, and that it did not exist seems evident from the passage of scripture alluded to; and also from the very nature of sin and of guilt, it would be irrational to suppose any such transmission ever took place. The writer of the paragraph we have quoted, appears to have laboured to rationalize the system of atonement, as held by many professing Christians—but blunders at the outset by erecting his hypothesis upon the irrational and erroneous doctrine of original sin! But it is equally as correct to impute guilt to an innocent person because another was worthy of it, as to impute rightness to a sinner because an upright person sustained the character of holiness and purity.

Justice to our author, however, exonerates him from holding the imputation of righteousness as last mentioned, for he says afterwards, that a man is not justified hereby (that is by the offering clearing away the score on account of Adam's sin) unless he knows him that died for him to redeem him out of actual sinning. This redemption from actual sinning is all that is necessary to a state of justification. Man ceasing to do evil learns to do well; being made through divine grace free from sin, he stands in a state of acceptance with the Immaculate Purity. BETHLEHEM.

Never do any thing which may disgrace you; an ill name always follows close upon ill conduct; it is a smoke that discovers where there is fire.

### FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

#### A STORMY NIGHT.

"The night has been unruly: Where we lay, Our chimneys were blown down; and as they say, Lamentings heard 't' the air. The obscure bird Clamoured 'd the live long night: some say the earth Was fever'd, and did shake."

A traveller, bewildered among the intricate mazes that so often present themselves among the mountainous tracts that border the Susquehanna, found himself, at the close of day, unable to proceed with any kind of certainty. He had entered the passage of the mountains at an early part of the day, in the expectation of reaching the inhabited country that he knew lay beyond the ridge, but the distance proved considerably more than he had expected, and he stopped, uncertain of his course. During the day he had found the sun a sufficient guide; and long after that had disappeared behind the mountain, the brilliant glow that continued to stream upwards from the West, afforded him an abundant evidence of its position. But its rays had long ceased to gild the ridges of the opposite mountains, and the clouds which were now thickly rising from the South, and had gradually spread themselves over the whole visible space above him, served to darken every other source of intelligence.

His fears were startled at the nearer approach of the thunder, which he had heard for some time grumbling afar off, but which now seemed to shake the very ground on which he stood; and the rain began to fall on the dry leaves around him in large thick drops, that betokened the approach of a plentiful shower: but the storm which at first had alarmed him, now became a source of comparative satisfaction, for it might serve to protect him from danger of another kind. The large sum which he had with him for the payment of lands, he recollected having incautiously spoken of at the inn where he had staid the night before; and the situation in which he was now exposed, reminded him strongly of the suspicious movements and scowling aspects of his fellow lodgers, with whom he had parted at breakfast. Once, a little before the sun had set, he thought he perceived a human form glide quickly across the path he had just left, and hide itself behind one of the numerous rocky fragments with which the valley abounded, and which seem to have been scattered there by some powerful shock from the steep precipices that rose high and frowning in almost every direction; it was a kind of rude chaos, which the darkness of the night seemed to render a proper scene for the transaction of foul and unnatural deeds. Such were the thoughts that now haunted our traveller's imagination.—Yet why, thought he to himself, have they hesitated to attack me during the day? The dreary region through which I have travelled, has surely presented them with every opportunity; not a human footstep has passed me this day, and my cries might have pierced the Heavens, but could bring no help; is it that, from the cowardice natural to villains, they have feared to approach within reach of my single hand? or are they yet too young in their murderous career, and their consciences not yet sufficiently hardened to bear the guilty sun to look upon their crimes, that they must wait for night to throw its ebon mantle over their horrid deeds? Whatever it be, he cried, they shall not find me off my guard: saying which he dismounted from his horse, and putting his arm through the bridle, and gathering the large folds of his cloak closely around him, leaned his back against the huge oak, whose shaggy bark bespoke its extreme antiquity, while its thick limbs were extended far above him, and presented a convenient, though not so safe a shelter from the storm; he fixed his eyes intently on the clouds that seemed to be resting on all the high ridges around him, from whence they formed an arch that completely enclosed the valley in, presenting a thick, black, and impenetrable canopy of clouds. The deafening claps that were now bellowing in such rapid succession, and as they vibrated from side to side, seemed almost to shake with their violence the very mountains from their foundations; while the lightning, presenting almost one continued sheet of dazzling fire, intermingled with, and darting forth innumerable streaks of blue vivid flame, that tore off the limbs, and sometimes shattered the enormous trunks of the trees, scattering their broken fragments in a thousand directions, exhibited, at times, the appearance of a suspended lake of widely agitated fire, that beggar'd all description. What a variety of forms and frightful apparitions was such a night calculated to conjure up in an unreflecting mind; all the terrors of hell seemed to have broken forth, and each clamouring for precedence, the air was completely ignited, and the fumes of sulphur scarce permitted the breath to pass freely from the lungs, and the eye, the ear, the imagination were all pained with the variety of confused sights, sounds and forebodings, that seemed to have taken nature by surprise, and to have thrown this isolated world into one mass of desolation. The storm began by degrees to abate its fury, and our traveller arose from his knees, where he had unconsciously placed himself, in an attitude of devotion, imploring Heaven for mercy from the infuriated elements; he cast his eyes upon the watch which he had drawn from his pocket, and the hour-hand pointed to twelve—overcome with anxiety and watching, he, for the first time, stretched his limbs upon the moss, whereon he had stood, and which still continued dry; wrapped warmly in his cloak, he soon fell into a confused sleep, while the scenes he had already witnessed, were again passed in review.

He beheld the lightnings again streaming around him, and the thunder again echoing in his ear, and for once, he beheld the wretches who would murder him for the sake of gain; they had lurked in the thicket near him during the violence of the storm, and they now crept out from their hiding

places to assassinate their sleeping victim; they approached with cautious steps—their countenances were agitated with fear and destruction—they already bend over their sleeping sacrifice, and the lightning gleams along the polished blade as its uncovered point hangs over his bosom; he dreams they murder him; he feels the cold blade enter the soft substance of his heart, and beholds the blood follow the reeking edge as they draw it out to plunge it still deeper in; he struggles in his sleep; he starts violently up and shrieks with horror. Oh! what a burden does that shriek remove from his afflicted soul—it causes him to awake, when he finds it is but the vision of a dream; his breath again returns, and his hands unclench themselves, while they wipe the big drops of cold sweat from his forehead. He again settles himself, and though unwilling, his exhausted frame is once more sunk in slumber, and again he dreams. The fiends in human shape, who had shrunk back on his awakening, now come forward with a stronger determination to execute their horrid purpose; they begin; their hands already clutch their victim, when, in the moment of death, Heaven intervenes, and they view with amazement the awful chasm that opens in the clouds above them; a voice, that shakes the earth, seems to exclaim "forbear!" while at the instant, a bolt, red with uncommon fire, bursts from above, and spreading around, in its rapid flight, an effulgent glare, lisses over the scene of death, and in the next instant, all is wrapt in total silence.

In the morning, the traveller awoke with the first beams of day; the clouds had dispersed, and the clear blue and bright sky was smiling in gentle splendor before him; the breeze scarcely moved the rain-drops from the leaves—and a little robin was thrilling its sweet notes on the bough directly over his head, and almost within reach of his hand. He arose to proceed on his journey, when on turning himself around, he beheld with sickening horror, the blackened corpses of the two beings with whom he had parted at the inn.

### SENTIMENTAL FRAGMENT.

"The tear of the morning hangs on the thorn, and impels the rose. In the day of my joy, my cheek likened to the blushing beauty of that charming flower, and though it has long since lost its crimson, it still retains a partial similitude—for the tear is on it. But, alas! no cheering sun exiles my sorrow, and the chrysalis which stole forth in the morning from my eye-lids, holds its place at the midnight hour." "And is love," said I, "the cancer-worm, that has preyed on thy beauty? Does that torturing passion make thee shed the ceaseless tear?" "No," replied Lucilla; "love gave me all its choicest blessings—during five years I rioted in them, and this world was a Heaven to me. William, it is true, is no more, but he died in the field of honour—he is recorded with those heroes who fought and fell for their country. I bathed his wounds—his last was breathed forth in my bosom. I wept the briny tears of honest sorrow—but I had my consolation—my William loved none but me, and he still lived in the blessed image which he left me of himself. It was my duty, and soon became my sole delight, to point out to the darling boy the path in which his sire had trodden, and to instill into his expanding mind an emulation of parental virtue. His young breast felt the glowing flame, and he was wont to weep when I had led him to the grave which glory had dug for his father.—But he too is taken from me—he sleeps beneath this turf, which I adorn with flowers—here my fancy feeds my sorrow, and this sacred shrine of affection I shall daily visit, till weary nature conducts me to my husband and my child."

### THE INFLEXIBLE FATHER.

In the year 1526, James Lynch, Fitz-Stephen, merchant, being elected mayor of Galway, in Ireland, sent his only son commander of one of his ships to Bilbao in Spain, for a cargo of wine.—Former dealings at this place were the means of recommending the father's credit, which young Lynch took advantage of, to secrete the money for his own use, which his father entrusted him with for the purchase of the cargo. The Spaniard, who supplied him on this occasion, sent his nephew with him to Ireland to receive the debt, and establish a further correspondence. The young men, who were much of an age, sailed together with that seeming satisfaction which congenial situations generally create among mankind. Open and generous, the Spaniard anticipated the pleasures which he should enjoy with such a friend, in a place then remarkable for qualities which we are now no longer to look for but in the narrative of other times. The ship proceeded on her voyage; and as every day must bring them nearer the place of destination, and discover the fraud intended by Lynch, he conceived the diabolical resolution of throwing his friend overboard. After sounding the sentiments of the hands on board, he brought the major part of them over to his purpose, by promise of reward, and the rest by fear. On the night of the fifth day, the unfortunate Spaniard was violently seized in his bed, and thrown overboard.—A few days more brought them to port; his father and friends received him with joy, and in a short time bestowed a sufficient capital to set him up in business. Security had lulled every sense of danger, and he proposed himself to a beautiful girl, the daughter of a neighbour, in marriage. His terms were accepted, and the day appointed which was to crown his yet successful villainy, when one of the sailors, who had been with him on the voyage to Spain, was taken, and finding himself at the point of death, sent for the father, and communicated a full relation of the horrid deed his son had committed on the high seas. The father, though struck speechless with astonishment and grief, at length shook off the feelings which incline the parent to natural partiality. "Justice shall take its course," said the indignant magistrate, and he, within a few minutes, had his son seized, with the rest of the crew, and threw them into prison. They all confessed the crime; a criminal process was made out against them; and in a few days, a small town in the west of Ireland beheld a sight paralleled by very few instances in the history of mankind: a father sitting in judgment, like another Lucius Junius Brutus, on his son! and, like him too, condemning him to die as a sacrifice to public justice! "Were any other but your wretched father your judge," said the inflexible magistrate, "I might have dropped a tear over my child's misfortune, and solicited for his life, though stained with murder; but you must die! These are the last drops which shall quench the sparks of nature; and if you dare hope, implore that Heaven may not shut the gates of mercy on the destroyer of his fellow creature."

He was led back to prison, and a short time ap-

pointed for his execution. Amazement sat on the face of every one within this little community, which at most did not consist of more than three thousand people. The relations of the unhappy culprit surrounded the father; they conjured him by all the solicitude of nature and compassion to spare his son. His wretched mother, whose name was Blake, flew in distraction to the heads of her own house, to rescue her from the ignominy his death must bring on their name. They armed, to deliver him from prison; when his father being informed of their intention, had him conveyed to his own house, which he surrounded with the officers of justice. He made the executioner fasten the rope to his neck: "you have but little time to live, my son said he; let the care of your soul employ the few moments; take the last embrace of your unhappy father!"

He ordered the rope to be well secured to a window and compelled the constables to throw the body out; a few minutes put an end to his existence. Under the window in Lombard street, to this day, a skull and bones carved in black marble, are to be seen, which the father put as a *memento mori*. Succeeding times looked upon an act with astonishment, which the productions of the arts in this country should perpetuate with statues.

### FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

#### WILLIAM SATTERTHWAITE.

William Satterthwaite is said to have been educated at one of the English universities. He afterwards kept a country school. One of his female pupils having on some occasion become belated in her return home in the evening, and apprehending some difficulty from her mistress on that account, was induced to return to her teacher for advice. She opened her case to him, and he proposed that she should tarry that night at the school house: according to this offer, William made a second proposal—that they become man and wife. To this article no objection appearing, they accomplished the ceremony between themselves—God and all the good angels being called upon to witness their engagement. After passing the night together, they began to reflect upon their new situation, and the probability of difficulty from the wife's master and mistress: they resolved as the best expedient, to escape early towards the next seaport and there embark for America.—Landing at Philadelphia, we next find them residing in Bucks county;—they had no children, and appeared to live together unhappily. The old woman often tried William's patience by her ungovernable temper; and once in a wicked fit put poison into his porridge to get him out of the way, but being discovered in time her attempt was frustrated. William regretted that he had called upon the witnesses mentioned, at his marriage, and declared if he ever married again, his witnesses should be the devil and the bad angels, so that if he found it convenient to break his engagement he need not be afraid that they would punish him for it. He sometimes kept school, and employed himself at other times in writing—particularly poetry, having a taste for that species of writing. Of his productions, some pieces were printed—such as have come to the knowledge of the writer of this article, were "Mysterious Nothing," "Elegy on Jeremiah Langhous," and "A Religious Allegory of Life and Futurity," addressed to Youth. The time of his death occurred probably about 1750 or perhaps later.

The late Dr. Watson, of Buckingham, in a short manuscript which he left, speaks of Satterthwaite as follows:—"Mysterious Nothing, by the author of Contempt on Revenge, published, perhaps, in 1738, by William Satterthwaite, who was born in England, received a good school education in his native country, and lived some time at the place now occupied by Thomas Hambleton, by the river, in the vicinity of Newhope, which he named Temple Bar, and the hill above Copper Nose. "A Religious Allegory of Life and Futurity," addressed to the youth, by Mr. Satterthwaite.—There are many good sentiments and fine lines in this piece; but much of the language appears too bold, and not well adapted to the subject. The writer was a great admirer of the Latin and Greek poets, and endeavoured in his compositions to imitate their lofty and strong figures and sonorous numbers."

### THE IRON MASK.

Translated from "Le Siècle de Louis XIV."

Some months after the death of this minister, (Cardinal Mazarine, 1661) an event happened of a most extraordinary nature, and what is no less surprising, unknown to any of our historians. A gentleman unknown, was in the most secret manner carried prisoner to the castle in the island of St. Margaret upon the coast of Provence. His stature was above the common, and of a noble and beautiful presence. This prisoner was during the whole journey in a mask, which had the chin-piece so contrived with steel springs, that he could eat and drink without pulling it off; and his keepers had orders to kill him if he ever unmasked. He remained in that island, until an officer of great trust named St. Mars, the governor of Pignerol, was made governor of the Bastille in 1690, who went to bring him from the island of St. Margaret and conduct him to the Bastille, still masked as before. Before his removal from that island, the marquis of Louvois went thither to see him and treated him with such respect that he did not offer to sit down in his presence. He was lodged in the best apartment in the Bastille, and nothing was refused him that he pleased to call for. His taste turned chiefly upon having linen and lace of the finest kind, and he was entertained in the grandest manner, the governor selected sitting down while with him. An old physician belonging to the Bastille declared, that he had never seen his face, tho' he had often examined his tongue and other parts of his body; that he was extremely well made, his skin a little upon the brown, and such a tone of voice as interested every body in his favour; but that he never complained of his condition, or allowed any one to see who he was. A famous surgeon, says our author, who is son-in-law to the physician I speak of, will testify every thing I have said; and Mr. de Bernaville, successor to St. Mars, has often confirmed it. This unknown gentleman, he adds, died in 1704, and was buried in the night time, in St. Paul's church yard; and what must increase our astonishment is, that no man of any figure in Europe disappeared when this gentleman was sent to the island of St. Margaret. Mr. de Chamillard says, he was the last minister intrusted with this surprising secret; and his son-in-law, marshal de La Feuillade,



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